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## Leaving

Karen Webb Owen  
*College of DuPage*

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# Leavings

## Karen Webb Owen

I remember trees:

### *Black Walnut*

My husband liked the tree,  
tall and old with wide branches  
reminding him of the dark wood  
he'd once shaped into a puzzle,  
given to me before we married.  
It dropped its sticky resin on the car,  
once even denting its roof with the hard nuts,  
stolen by noisy squirrels each fall who  
left insulting piles of hulls all over the yard.  
He's prune it carefully, keeping the wood  
wishing he could dry it and work it properly,  
showing us the beautiful heart wood.  
Lately it has dropped branches in the driveway  
and sullenly torn a shingle from the garage roof.  
The branches droop low, as if mourning.  
I find its offspring in unexpected parts of the yard,  
sprouting like memories.

### *Norway Maple*

Once my son's favorite,  
providing yellow leaves to pile  
into golden mounds for October birthday parties.  
His swing set was a getaway to its branches.  
Boys would roost there like crows, shouting,  
then race off to eat mulberries.  
The mulberry fell in a storm;  
weeds hae replaced the swings.  
If the weeds were replaced with a bench,  
I don't know if he'd return.  
I don't know even if this is the tree  
he hid in when his father died.